offered to Jupiter Penninus. after his escape from danger. We also noticed the portraits of many distinguished persons, among them the Napoleons, Washington and Lmartine. In the chapel is the monument erected to the memory of the gallant Desaix, who fell on the field at Marengo. The *bas relief* represents Desaix as dying, supported by a soldier. When Desaix was bleeding and in the agonies of death, Napoleon, who loved him tenderly, because while he was his youngest he was one of his ablest officers, said to him: "You shall rest on the highest point of the Alps, and the mountains shall be your monument." A marble tablet in the chapel of St. Bernard commemorates him. Those who love gallantry everywhere remember him.

How the deep-mouthed dogs, the heroic dogs, that saved the lives of so many, kept us awake by their barking in the long hours of the night and how the crosses, erected on conspicuous places to guide the weary, snow-bound traveller, interested us, can only be mentioned and not written about. We left the Hospice with a feeling of gratitude to the good Monks of St. Bernard, and went down to Italy with a prayer that inasmuch as they make glad the hearts of so many, that in the last their hearts may, too, be made glad.

An Excuse for Maximilian's Execution.—The Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, writing on Friday evening, says:—One of this evening's journals, *La Liberte*, publishes a document which, if I mistake not, will make a great sensation. It is an order of Marshal Bazaine, dated Mexico, 11th October, 1865, to the officers of the French army in that country, to put to death the soldiers of Juarez taken in arms; the order being issued as reprisals for some excesses they were alleged to have committed. "I request you," says the marshal, "to make known to the troops under your orders that I will not allow any prisoners to be made. Any individual, whoever he may be, taken in arms, must be put to death. No exchange of prisoners will in future be made. . . . It is a war to the death in which we are engaged. On each side we must kill or be killed!" The *Liberte* remarks:—"It is a Frenchman, a marshal of France, a senator, who wrote and signed these savage and barbarous words in the year of civilization, 1865!" and such, no doubt, will be the indignant exclamation throughout France when the horrible order is read. One of the charges, you will remember, on which the Emperor Maximilian was condemned to death, was the alleged issue of a decree inflicting death on insurgents captured in arms. He said, at his trial, and all the people about him have said since, that the decree was forced on him by Marshal Bazaine and the French. After reading what precedes, and remembering his gentle character, who will doubt that he spoke truly?

Elections in the United States.—The Democrats [illegible] carried the State Elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The large gains in Maine, and the majority obtained in California, have had their influence as showing the way the tide of sentiment is moving. The issue between the Republicans and Democrats is, shall the [illegible] or the black face be the ruling power of the country. The figures indicating the majority in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania have not come to hand as yet, but taking the State of Maine as a basis of calculation, it was anticipated that the Democratic gain in Pennsylvania would be 29,000 as compared with the last year's vote, and in Ohio 21,000. The contest in the first named State was for Supreme Court Judge, while that in Ohio was for the entire list of State officials. Public sentiment seems to be inclined to elevate the Democratic party to rule the State, a state of things that will be vastly better than the terrible rule of the Republicans for the past few years has been.

The War in South America.—We published yesterday a batch of interesting news from Brazil and Buenos Ayres relative to the war going on between Brazil, with her allies, and Paraguay. The dates are up to August 8. The old story is told of Brazilian reverses, and there is no doubt that Paraguay continues successful in her heroic resistance to the empire and its republican allies. After untold expense and the loss of sixty thousand men buried, Brazil is apparently as far from conquering Lopez as ever. It is not only the brave old Dictator of Paraguay and his brave troops—very much fewer in number than their enemy—that defeat the Brazilians, but the country, the soil, the climate, the rivers and swamps fight against them. These latest accounts from the seat of war represent the Brazilians as having suffered terribly in conflict both with the troops of Lopez and the difficulties of the country. Brazil had better give up this useless war, for every step she takes she gets into greater difficulty. On her part it is simply a war of ambition, and she deserves the reverses she meets with. It is a useless and cruel effusion of blood for an unworthy object, and with no prospect of success.—*New York Herald.*

How not to do it.—The following interesting illustration of the energy of the War Office in carrying out the great principle of "How not to do it," reaches us from a correspondent at Constantinople, who writes on the 17th:—"Four English officers—Captains Hubbard, Webber, Anderson and another—arrived here by the last mail, charged with the mission of purchasing mules for the Abyssinian expedition. A more stupid blunder it is scarcely possible to imagine. There are no mules in Constantinople. Attached to the military train there are a number of old Spanish and Italian mules—none less than fourteen years old—left behind by our army after the Crimean war; and it is not likely that such a monstrous scandal could be perpetrated as our buying from the Turkish Government cast-off animals, even if they had them to spare. In the meantime, the officers sent out are at a stand-still; utterly at a loss what to do. They have, of course, sent home for instructions."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The New York *Times* makes a significant confession about the sins of its party when it admits "that the public mind has become disgusted with the extreme measures of many prominent men in the Union party, we have little doubt. The evident determination of some among them, not only to secure the colored race in the enjoyment of equal rights, but to give it absolute ascendancy in the government of the country, has repelled very many who have hitherto acted with the Republican party. There is no doubt, moreover, that the violence and reckless partisanship which has marked much of the action and more of the speeches of Republican leaders, the disregard of constitutional obligations, the manifest determination to keep political power in their own hands, by whatever means, and the evident purpose to exclude the Southern States from the Union until they can rely on their support of the most radical measures of public and of party policy, have caused very many members of that party to distrust the wisdom and the patriotism of those who have usurped its leadership and control."

Sir A. B. Paget, K. C. B. British Minister Elect at Washington.—The new British Minister to the White House, Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, K. C. B., eldest son of the late Sir Arthur Paget, K. C. B., and Lady Augusta Paget, was born in 1823. He was educated at Charter-house school and after the usual continental tour was appointed clerk in the Foreign office. He served in that position from 1840 to 1846, was then appointed an attache to Embassy at Paris, in which position he remained until 1852, when he proceeded to Athens as Secretary of the Legation to the Court of Greece. He subsequently served as Secretary at the Hague, at Lisbon and at Berlin, and in 1858, was appointed Minister to Saxony, but shortly afterwards proceeded in a similar capacity to Denmark where, if we mistake not, he took a prominent part in the negotiations connected with the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra, and acquitted himself so satisfactorily that he received the honor of a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Augustus [illegible] and married to a daughter of Count Rechberg in [illegible] is now 44 years old. He has also been [illegible] the Portuguese Court.

Bishop Colenso locked the doors of his [illegible] Bishop Twells, and the latter, having [illegible] be broken open with sledge-hammers, preached a sermon from the text:—"Our weapons are not carnal."

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

VISIT TO THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

(Paris Correspondence of the Birmingham Journal.

The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately, I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie, when we entered pell-mell into the long, low apartment where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Somnambula, before entering completely into trance, the only difference being in the intense light, shot out from the living orbs, beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amid the timid whines of the poor, frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savouring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of the second bench, and, after examining him for a moment, turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was neither of disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed:—"I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return." This was all, but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell. He shook from head to foot, like an aspen leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or expostulation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed, and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indescribable expression of fear, certainly indicative of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off, and he again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, "Rise and walk!" The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly, could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantile wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave Jacob had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all: "Oh, how can I move without my crutches?" and, having turned a yearning look towards the corner were these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant along the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of his patients obeyed his orders. No pretension to the sacred character of a prophet, or inspired seer, was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this fearing, hoping, doubting crowd, as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in solid wonder, while some burst into the most heartrending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and the lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or two amongst the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. "Be off; don't stand shilly-shallying. You are cured, ain't you? That's enough—now, *pietiez moi le camp!* In plain English—"Cut your stick, and be gone." Before leaving the room, I turned to look at the single patient whose case Jacob had pronounced as being beyond his power to cure—the man was paralyzed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It certainly was a hang-dog countenance—worse than I ever beheld—and the expression of rage, and hate, and fear, which it conveyed was unmistakeable. His feet were paralyzed likewise, and turned outwards. The Zouave's father searched amongst the sticks and crutches left in the corner for those who belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one looked with an inquiring glance towards the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his wry neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impede his view of the patient.

THE RESCUE IN MANCHESTER.

The British public have had an immense surprise this week. The long prevailing dullness of their home news has been broken for them, and to some purpose. Astonishment, indignation, and rage fill the public mind, and overflow the columns of the English press because of the daring and audacity of an act which has been performed in violation of the law, and in flagrant contempt of the Crown and Constitution in the very heart of the empire.

That Fenian conspiracy, the ghost of which has so often been laid by loyal orators, by Crown lawyers, and and by pragmatic editors, has started up again, and shown not only a bold front, but a strong hand in the very midst of England. It has defied the law, grappled with the authorities, and effected its immediate object by force of arms in the broad noon-day, with English troops close at hand and the English population all around. This is startling. The "Chester affair" was a bold move, and very nearly a success[illegible] one; the treachery of an individual appears to have been the sole cause of its failure; but in the present case there was quite as much daring, with an additional and highly sensational circumstance that the object of the movement was achieved. Well may the English people feel astonished and alarmed at these events. The state of things is [illegible] comfortable for them when they cannot [illegible] their own towns and cities; when the docks of London and Liverpool must be watched with more than ordinary vigilance, less incendiaries may be lurking [illegible] them; when the various depots of [illegible] belonging to the volunteer force must be stored [illegible] princes to guard against their seizure; when, in short, the Irish element threatens to produce in England that system of police rule and military display with which the Irish people are familiar, but of which the English people have not hitherto had experience. Things seem tending fast to the time when, if the men who have "gone"—to England—"with a vengeance" are to be kept under, the *Habeas Corpus* Act will have to be suspended in Great Britain, the English police will have to be drilled, equipped, and armed with breachloaders and bayonets like the Irish, and the Commander-in-Chief will find it necessary to have strong bodies of men always on the alert in the chief strategic positions of the country. This involves no small degree of annoyance and humiliation to the Constitutional Englishman, and no slight increase to the burdens of the British tax-payer. The whole affair shows very plainly the serious danger and difficulty involved in the effort to retain the people of Ireland in a condition of subjection which makes the Irish race all over the world the deadliest enemies of the British Government.

There can be no question that the operations by which the Fenian leaders, Kelly and Deasy, were rescued from the Police in Manchester on Wednesday last, were skilfully planned and boldly carried out. The affair was no midnight surprise, nor was it such as could have been instantaneously effected. It involved an inevitable fight, a public tumult, considerable delay, and it might have been met with such an overpowering resistance as would have cost many of the attacking party their lives. Legal consequences of the most serious kind were certain to result from it, but all these risks were freely taken by the men who, finding that their leaders had fallen into the grasp of the authorities, were resolved that they should not remain long there. The accounts which we copy from the Manchester papers show with what a remarkable degree of promptitude and vigor they acted up to their resolution. The spy system, of which our rulers make such a boast, proved utterly at fault in this instance, not even a hint of the contemplated rescue reached the authorities from any source in time to serve them as a warning of what was to take place. Even the arrest of the prisoners, which had taken place some days previously, was not a result of information acquired by the Government, but was purely a matter of accident. The attack upon the police van in the street, the rout of its escort, the breaking open of the vehicle, the release of the prisoners from each of its compartments, and the speedy transferrence of the Fenians to a place of safety constitute one of the most astounding incidents that have taken place in England during many years. Several persons alleged to have taken part in this extraordinary affair are now in custody of the police, and we have no doubt the law will deal severely with them. Already the *Times* is out with significant hints that the "clemency" shown to the convicted Fenian chiefs in Ireland cannot be extended to the men who fought for the release of the Fenian chiefs in Manchester. "An example," it seems, is to be made this time. But it might be recollected that England has been making such examples as are here threatened during many long centuries, and that the effect has not been either to terrorise or pacify the Irish race. The means of accomplishing this end are of quite a different order; they are comprised in the concession of their political rights to the Irish nation. Nothing else will suffice. The Irish people are now too numerous, too powerful, too intelligent, too united, and too resolutely bent upon the achievement of their country's freedom to be turned from their purpose by any opposition the British Government can offer to them; and the sooner our rulers recognize this fact and act in accordance with it, the better it will be for the peace and safety of the British empire.—*Dublin Nation.*

The *Times* says the lawyers have raised the question as to the right of the General Government to appoint the magistracy, and that there is no difference between the Local and General Governments. This accords with my information, that Mr. Sanfield McDonald, to whom the matter was submitted when he was here, backed down on the part of the Local Government. The lawyers who raised this question are not far from Sir John A. Macdonald's office.

Messrs. Chapais and Archibald continue to hold office without seats in Parliament. There is the show announcement that Mr. Archibald hold office until his successor is appointed; but the Government organs answer that no appointment is to be made until after Parliament meets. The organs have announced that ministers expect a split in the ranks of the anti-Unionists in Nova Scotia, and for this we must wait in order to get a successor to Mr. Archibald. Sir John A.'s friends here are quite willing to throw overboard Messrs. Archibald and Tupper, in order to get the Howe party.—*Toronto Globe.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Herald.

Dear Sir,—I take up my pen to scratch you a few lines, and to let you know [illegible] sayings and doings in the Second District of King's County. I see that you tickle up every now and again our ex-member, W. E. Clarke, who played us such a shabby trick as to use the District for the purpose of getting a good fat office, and after gaining his point, throwing the District aside like an old shoe. We have not forgot him yet, nor the puffing by which Mr. Whelan foisted him on the District. We have repaid Mr. Whelan for that mistake, and the other one of advocating a union with Canada against our wishes by rejecting him at the last election. We have selected you and Mr. McCormack for four years, because we believe that you will neither sell nor betray us, and that you will do your utmost for the District. Well, considering the chances you have had, we are very well satisfied with you so far, and if you consult our wishes and interests instead of your own, I make no doubt you will be readily re-elected when election time comes round. There is a rumor going the rounds that some of the wire-pullers in Charlottetown are not satisfied with our decision of last April, and that they imagine that they can do with the District just as they like, and with the view of putting their idea into practice, they are tampering with Mr. McCormack to make him retire, and thus create a vacancy for Mr. Whelan. We believe that Mr. McCormack is too honest, too regardful of his good name, and the good opinions of his neighbors and friends to consent to any such disgraceful arrangement, and I for one, can tell the wire-pullers that while we are satisfied that Mr. Whelan should have the Queen's Printing, we are not satisfied that he should be our representative for four years to come at least, and if the wire-pullers aforesaid think that they can force him upon us they are very much mistaken. We have local men in the District who will beat him easily, and no mistake about it. He promised us at Mr. Larkin's, on the Fortune Road, that he would oppose Confederation. He done the same thing in letters and pamphlets; but we plainly see that he does not fulfill his promise, even whilst he holds the office of Queen's Printer from an Anti-Confederate Government, and that he is determined to vote us into Confederation whenever he gets the chance. We cannot depend upon his promises, and as long as he acts and thinks as he does in opposition to our wishes and interests, we will not vote for him. Whoever tells him that the people of this District are changing in favor of annexation to Canada, do not state the truth, as he will find to his cost from a majority of the electors if he comes before them to be elected, or they are resolved to teach all outsiders and confederates that they do not want union with Canada, and that they have some intelligence and self-respect, and will it and think for themselves. This is my opinion and can be taken for what it is worth, but from my knowledge of the people I believe it *is* well founded. So much for politics. The people here think that agriculture and stock-raising ought to be assisted in this County as well as Queen's County, and as the Head of St. Peter's Bay is a central situation, we ought to have an Agricultural Society here, where good stock and improved grain might be obtained, also annual ploughing competitions, or ploughing matches held. I believe this would do a great deal for the farmers of this County, which has always been much neglected by every government. The roads and bridges will want a good deal of attendance on them to put them in decent order; and if you could get a good steamer to call and make a sufficient stay at Grand River on her way to Souris, and compel the owners of the *Heather Belle*, to run her regularly to Mount Stewart on market days, and not every now and again as she has been doing this summer; and if you could also manage to give us a good and safe harbor at St. Peter's, and keep the Lights in good condition, we would consider you and the Government the greatest benefactors that could be given us. You will hear from me again.

OBSERVER.

St. Peter's, Oct. 18, 1867.

To the Editor of the Herald.

Dear Sir,—I am the person who got the first prize for the best bricks. But my name is Francis Finnegan, and not William Finnegan, as stated in all the papers. I cannot see how the mistake originated, as I entered my name Francis Finnegan. I trust, however, you will rectify the error, and please call the attention of the other papers to do likewise.

Yours, truly,
FRANCIS FINNEGAN.

Vernon River, Oct. 20th, 1867.

The Herald.

Wednesday, October 23, 1867.

ROME.

Now that Atheists and revolutionary zealots are claiming the "Eternal City" for the capital of Italy, in violation of the plainest principles of common honesty, and in opposition to the almost unanimous voice of the whole Catholic world—of which it is most properly the capital, and by whose munificence it has been enriched—a few facts as to the actual position of Rome, from an intellectual point of view, may not be out of place. One of the most silly and at the same time base calumnies which are uttered against Rome, says the *Unita Cattolica*, is that she is the enemy of education, and is desirous of keeping the people in a state of ignorance. The truth is, that there is not in the whole world a city which, in proportion to its size, has so many scientific institutions, so many libraries, so many colleges and schools, as the City of the Popes. To demonstrate this truth, we will merely analyse the simple figures of the statistics of scientific and elementary instruction in Rome for the year 1867.

The male students of science for the current year number as follows: The Roman University, 1094; the Roman Seminary (Sant' Apollinare), 703; the Roman College (conducted by the Jesuit Fathers), 1249; the Propaganda, 226; the School of Philosophy (S. Maria della Pace), 90; the College of St. Thomas at the Minerva (Dominicans), 97; and at the Technical Institution, 68.

Elementary instruction for boys is given as follows: By the Fathers of the *Scuole Pie*, 2 schools; Christian Doctrine, 2; by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, 6; Brothers of Mercy, 1; Brothers of the Conception, 1; Vatican Seminary, 1; Parochial Schools, 7; "Pontifical" Schools, 2; the Commission of Subsidies, 2; St. Vincent de Paul, 1; School of Clerics, Vatican, 1; Night Schools established in various parishes, and attended by above 2,000 boys; Infant Asylums, 4; Secular Colleges, Boarding Schools, and Institutions of Charity, which give instruction to 691 students, and lastly, the District Schools, which give instruction to 3,806 boys.

Nor is the number less of institutions for the elementary instruction of girls. There are ten schools conducted by the "*Mœstre Pie Operaie*;" two by the *Mœstre Pie di Vanerini*;" four by the Sisters of Providence; five by the Daughters of Charity. Then there are the School of the "Brignoline," that of the Sisters of St. Joseph dell' Appariziene, two conducted by another branch of the same Order, five by the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood, two by the Daughters of the Sacred Heart, two each by the Daughters of Providence, the Sisters of St. Dorothy and the religious of the Sacred Heart. Then come the schools of the Sisters of Charity, of the Ursulines, of the Philippine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, of the Daughters of Maria dell' Orto, of the Sisters of St. Andrew, of the Oblates of St. Augustine, and of the Marian Sisters. Then there are three "Pontifical" schools for girls, two more supported by the Commission of Subsidies, Parochial and District Schools, which latter are attended by 2,202 girls. Besides these there are 2,494 girls educated in various establishments—conservatories, hospices, and charitable institutions.

And, now, to sum up these figures; we find that in the Eternal City scientific instruction is bestowed gratuitously upon 3,527 young men. Elementary instruction is given without any payment to 6,105 boys; with more or less expense to 3,806; total, 9,911. Total number of males under education, 13,438. Of female education, the statistics run thus: gratuitously educated, 8,188; girls paid for, 2,765; total, 10,953 girls under education. Therefore, the whole number of both sexes at school or college in Rome, amounts to 24,391, of whom 17,820 are educated free of expense, and 6,561 are paid for. The population of Rome, according to the last census, was somewhat over 200,000; the proportion, therefore, of those who attend school at present, is nearly 1 in 8. After this, if they have a bit of shame left in them, the calumniators of Pontifical Rome, especially Englishmen, should blush at the grossness of their charges. We will take leave of this subject by saying that in the latest examinations in the newly founded educational establishments, whence ecclesiastics, monks, &c., have been banished by the regenerators of Italy, the result has been that the majority of the pupils were disgracefully plucked. This truth we learn from the revolutionary *Dirritto*, which acknowledges that it is "forced to hide its head for very shame." The picture of Roman education, in contrast with that professed to be given by "Italy," would be well worth giving to the world. Perhaps some one who has more time for the work than we have might favor the world with some such production. He would find his labors well repaid.

This is the city which an ever-turbulent crowd of crazy revolutionists wish to get under their mild control—the disciples of the dagger and blood-thirsty "Reds" who, when nothing else engages their attention, fill up their time in planning assassinations; but it is satisfactory to find that Catholic France has at last interposed her strong arm to prevent the contemplated Vandalism, and that Rome is still secure to the Popes. Italy—United Italy—or rather its King and Government, were bound by solemn treaty, and by every principle of honor and morality, to protect the Pope in peaceful possession of his Dominions; but they have failed to do so. It will be observed that Rome has had no foreign soldiers to protect it for more than a year, and notwithstanding that Garibaldi, Mazzini, and other leaders who have been predicting a speedy termination to the Pope's Temporal Power from the people of Rome on the withdrawal of the French soldiers, have issued proclamations without number to the Pope's subjects, to rise against their lawful sovereign, they firmly decline to do so, but rather rally to the standard of the Holy Father. Considering the conscript law in Italy, and the heavy taxation to which the Italians are subjected, we are not surprised that the Romans, who are happy, contented, and well-governed, refuse to become subjects of that bankrupt kingdom, and hence the task of "secularising" Rome has fallen upon Victor Emmanuel's brawling and uneasy subjects. Napoleon will put a stop to their antics, and prevent the consummation of one of the most glaring acts of robbery and spoliation of any age. So Providence rules, and thus does Napoleon entitle himself to the gratitude of the Catholic world, no less than to the friends of honesty and good faith, law and order, everywhere.

"An Islander highly distinguished in Rome.—We have lately had the pleasure, from time to time, of chronicling the success of many an Islander in other lands. We have never yet, we believe, recorded a more brilliant intellectual triumph than that lately gained by one of P. E. Island's sons in the world-renowned College of the Propaganda, Rome. At the annual examination held towards the end of the scholastic year of 1866-67, Mr. Cornelius O'Brien, a native of this Island, gained the first prize in all branches of the first or highest class of Philosophy; and, what is still more satisfactory, had the honor of carrying off the Gold Medal. It may not be amiss to state that this medel is not, as may be expected, conferred every year on the most deserving: this mark of distinction is reserved for those who display an altogether extraordinary degree of talent and application, and, therefore, is not conferred for several years. Mr. O'Brien commenced his classical studies, as many of our readers know, in St. Dunstan's College, and his present brilliant success, against students of every climate and tongue, speaks very highly, indeed, for the thoroughly solid nature of the instruction imparted at St. Dunstan's. We congratulate the friends and relatives of this young gentleman on his marked success, and the Island in general on this great triumph gained by one of her sons in a competition against the world."

We copy the above with much pleasure from the *Examiner* of Monday, and in connection therewith we have to remark that it was with much regret we learned, some weeks ago, that Mr. D. J. McDonald, of Pisquid, who for five years so nobly and worthily represented P. E. I. in the venerable halls of Propaganda, and who shared literary and scientific laurels with Mr. O'Brien on former occasions, was this year obliged by his medical advisers, to return, at least for a time, to his native climate. We are happy, however, to understand that the young gentleman's health is already much improved, and that, as his friends anticipated, he will be able to return to Rome in the course of next year to complete his course of studies.

Correction.—With the view of giving honor to whom honor is due, we have to correct one or two errors in our remarks of last week upon the Fair and Exhibition. Mr. Bowers was credited with having forwarded a sett of harness to the Exhibition, but this was a mistake, as Mr. Bowers, although he intended to have done so, had no specimens of his handicraft at the Exhibition. In ready-made clothing, too, we committed an error in classing Mr. McRae among the competitors. Mr. John Bell, of this city, was the only clothier amongst us who forwarded suits of clothing to the Exhibition, and, as an act of justice, he is entitled to all the honor connected therewith.

A sailor of H. M. ship of war *Favourite*, was ordered to be gagged for drunkenness, whilst that vessel was in Georgetown Harbor last week, and in an hour and a half after the operation, the man died. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict returned of "died from disease of the heart." It is said that the circumstance has created considerable excitement in Georgetown, as well as on board the *Favourite*, the sailors of which are much incensed against the Lieutenant who ordered the gagging.

Owing to the failure of the potatoe crop in Nova Scotia, potatoes very readily command fifty cents a bushel. Under these circumstances we do not think the Dominion Parliament will compel Nova Scotians to pay more than that price by imposing a duty upon Island potatoes, as some of our local contemporaries threatened. As for oats, we do not depend upon any city of the Dominion for a market, and therefore we need care but little for the legislation of the Dominion Parliament.

The Ploughing Match in connection with the late Exhibition and Fair, comes off to-day, on the Farm of the Hon. R. P. Haythorne, St. Peters Road.

The Ottawa *Times*, the organ of the Government, on the 11th inst., published the following narrative of facts respecting the resignation of the Secretary of State for the Provinces. It will be seen that the statements are precisely the same as those contained in our special despatch of Friday last:—

"Immediately on becoming aware of his defeat at the polls, the Hon. Mr. Archibald wrote out and forwarded his resignation to the Premier. Sir John thereupon replied to the Hon. Mr. Archibald, stating that he would only submit his letter of resignation, when Mr. Archibald himself was present at the capital. Accordingly the Hon. Secretary of State for the Provinces having been present, and His Excellency the Governor General having also arrived at the capital, Mr. Archibald's resignation was laid before the Privy Council yesterday. We understand that His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to accept the Hon. gentleman's resignation, subject to the usual reservation that he will continue to discharge the duties of his office until his successor is appointed.'

The name of Mr. Archibald's successor has not yet been made public, and it is presumed that no appointment will be made until after the meeting of Parliament, as it is expected of the Privy Council that it will follow the ordinary constitutional precedent, and meet the House as it went before the country.—*Hx. Express*

Melancholy Accident.—On Tuesday morning last, as Mr. George Scott, of North River, was on his way to town with a load of oats, the cart wheel got into a deep rut, and he was thrown off, and falling with his head downwards, remained in that position until some parties who were at a considerable distance behind, came up, and found him bleeding freely at the nose. Medical aid was sent for immediately, but the injuries received were beyond cure. Mr. Scott died in a few hours after the accident. The deceased was an honest, sober and industrious man, and highly respected in the community where he resided.—*Pat.*

The Rev. George Sutherland, some time pastor of the Free Church Congregation in this city, has written a long and interesting letter from New Zealand to the Halifax *Witness*, in which he says that the Government House of that Colony—the residence of Governor Sir George Grey for the last two years—is not as good as the Manse he left behind him in Charlottetown. Mr. Sutherland is in good health and spirits, and speaks very favorably of those portions of the Southern hemisphere which he has seen.—*Pat.*

Decidedly Cool.—The Summerside *Journal* of the 10th, in an answer to the Charlottetown *Patriot*, says:—"We are fully convinced that the larger portion of the Antis of the Lower Provinces are Annexationists." The editor of the *Journal* is a Confederate. Of course he is! No man other than a Confederate would have the temerity to publish such a truthless, insulting libel upon the loyal people of the Lower Provinces. Falsehood and detraction were the principal arguments employed by the Confederate journals in this Province, and it would appear that the Summerside *Journal* will prove an adept in following their example.—*Pictou Chronicle.*